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Heading for the Hills, the Beach, the Islands Or, Occasionally, the Backyard



By Elisabeth Bumiller

Vice President Walter Mondale went fishing. Former secretary of state Henry Kissinger had lunch in Cuernavaca. Duke Zeibert is at the race track. Chuck Robb flew to Shanghai and the Carters went down the river. Anybody left over is probably on the Vineyard.

August in Washington will never be April in Paris, July in the Hamptons or Christmas at Vail. In fact, so many from social and official circles flee that summer vacationers can be classified into species. Like this:

Last but certainly not least among the workaholics is former secretary of state Henry Kissinger, a compulsive who works on his memoirs and skips lunch a lot unless he's in Mexico and the deposed shah of Iran is around. Then he'll eat, like he did earlier this month. Other than that, Kissinger has no formal vacation plans and a spokeswoman at his Georgetown University office answers a question of whether he's had any fun this summer with an unequivocal "No."

Which is the same answer you'll get if you ask CIA Director Stansfield Turner whether he's going anywhere this summer. And that brings up the next category of:

The Stay-At-Homes: These folks could be considered a less severe subgroup of the workaholics. True, they're not going anywhere, exotic or otherwise, but at least they're getting out of the office and into cleaning the basement.

Turner has no formal plans, although a spokesman in his office promises he'll be hanging around the house some.

EXCERPTED